

Akala - I'm So Cool Lyrics

Im an emcee first so guess what shithead
I can be an arrogant prick too dickhead
We all got tugs on the road that spit lead
What you choose to promote what's your intent
Man done hundreds of shows no deal
Can count countries I been and I still
Ill shit kill shit red and blue pill shit
Talk sense but tugs still feel shit
14 in coliseum with big women
Every other week when the shots kept ringing
So parden me if I don't give a fuck lately
But half of these bars emcees wanna spray me
Only care if you wanna educate me
Or great emcee like Biggie was baby
I've no response if you hate me
Don't lie to yourself claim that you don't rate me
Who else can make intelligence seem sexy
Girls try hard, still can't get me
Gotta be a queen, stay select
Grown man don't run when I get a wreck
Not any girl that can feel the sweat, heat
Push the mind sex and I change the technique
Who the fuck, you wanna claim you rep street
You ain't out there with the youts and get deep?

Im so cool playing the game
But I make my own rules
I'm so cool stay in your lane
Or you'll get took to school
Im so cool playing the game
But I make my own rules
I'm so cool, so cool so fucking cool

Many man talk shit but they got no talent
Everything that I spit classic
Known from Sudan to Zimbabwe the hard way
Livin' off the work of the words that the bard spray
Teaching my shit in the schools since the first disc
What would you think when im there, im a wordsmith
In the truest sense of the word have you heard prick
It's a new day absurd with my nerd shit
...We know Akala we know that he reads
Never run from no guy and see men bleed
We all talk tough on the track oh please!
You ain't out there on the steet
I am not superman
You are not superman

But I dont need to pretend that I am
I'de rather fight with the right foe that has stole land
Soul stone cold put a price on your soul man
You can take my wisdom for weakness sweetness
Don't belive that 'turn the other cheek' shit
Fuck Akala with all that deep shit?
Please tell me, really whats street shit
Italian designers, chilling on the block with you
Shot rocks, pop Glocks, hop blocks with you?
We own the straps and the scales?
Or the fasion sales?
Or...just pack the jails

A military mind since back in 04
Who's relevant from then its oh so poor
Emcees come through and the last one sees
And im bleeding and breathing the meaning we feel it
Don't want credit for the message I discuss
Nuff' conscious emcees are boring as fuck
Credit cos my swag, is fly through the roof
A bop when I spit the fire in the booth
Credit cos I am the best emcee
Oh lord dear god Just flee fuck me!
Credit cos I am oh so original
You ain't the only bro that knows criminals
Don't shout out my OG's on the track
They're way too serious for all of that crap
Mans that buy yard and (yawnin) in Ghana
Might be gangstas but always were fathers
Can't rate man that is smuggling parada
Cos yout dem a struggle its dumb fuck retarded
Few emcees have got the game twisted
Don't be ashamed you're earnin' an honest living
How many fucked up cos our dad's in prison
And if they were around there would be less killing
And if you must die then die for the right cause
Die like a muthafuckin man in the right war
Die like Toussain
Die like Dessaline
Die like Malcom
Scheming on a better dream
Die for your family
Die for your Kids home
Don't die for a dumb block that you don't own